



A Game of Murder



52 0 2

Chapter 1 by Dovalord

The steam rose from the sewer grate as the cool night met with the warm sewage. She walked on the New York sidewalk and pulled her coat higher on her shoulders. She heard the sound of metallic clanking, and turned in the direction. Her breath clouded her vision at first but saw that there was nothing that could have made that noise. Shrugging it off, she walked on, not knowing she was being watched the whole time. I was watching her. It was my job to. Nicolaus Young, homicide detective for the NYPD, 12th precinct. She was a person of interest. A possible murderer. But I knew different. She was the victim. Not to that specific murder. I had a theory that suggested she was going to be killed soon. A psycho really. I just had to wait. I knew he would be here. He had to. It held all the signs. Female. On her way home. Night. Mysterious noise that couldn't be found. Soon, he'll be in her apartment. And then she'll be dead. Always a different way. The guy was never caught. But I can. I just choose not to. He likes to play games. I'm always up for a game.

I follow her into the apartment complex, and took the elevator up. I had to watch him work. I had to. It was fascinating to see how he sets it all up. I was in the car with her the whole time. Poor thing. She'll be a bloody mess soon. The elevator bell went off, and I followed her down the hall. She stopped at her door, struggling with her keys.

"Need some help?" I asked. She looked up. I sighed to myself. Not out of love, you understand. But of sympathy. Her blue eyes would be a dull gray by morning.

"Oh, thank you." She smiled. Her white teeth will be blood-stained soon. All thanks to that

worthy adversary. I opened the door, and invited myself in. She flashed her smile again. Oh, this would be hard to witness. She poured me a drink, offering me a drink. She never noticed the killer taking a knife from his belt, knifed down, split her back behind her and split the thin skin on her neck, spill

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"Thank you for the drink, ma'am." I nod. Pocketing the knife in my coat pocket, I calmly leave the room and into the hall. The mad man has moved his pawn. Now it's time for the other pieces to fall into place.

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